

Back Together Again

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Summary: After Cassie leaves, Jake feels lonely and sad. But now Cassie is returning, and Jake has to meet her at the train station...

Back Together Again

> <meta name="Generator"> My name is Jake

My name is Jake. Things were different now.

Maybe I'm rushing into things way too fast. Or maybe I'm not.

But things were different. It wasn't that usual "I can't tell you my last name or where I live" routine. As I said, it was different.

For one thing, the word Yeerk no longer existed in my vocabulary. They were gone. All dead. So things were safe. Kind of. I mean, we're all still a little jittery and still won't give out too personal information.

Everything was different with me. New age, out of college, no job yet, nothing to do.

I leaned back in my chair and grabbed the remote. The show we'd be watching was over.

Marco grabbed for it too.

I grabbed it first. Then Marco grabbed my drink from me.

Then I grabbed his pizza.

Then Marco didn't do anything.

Boring. Bored. One word described everything.

I flipped channels. Past Nickelodeon, Cartoon Network, Disneyâ€¦on up toâ€¦

"Yeah, yeah!" Marco said, edging towards his seat. I set the remote down. He went for it. I moved my over something of his. He pulled his hand back.

The little \_Sightings\_ coming on came on.

After that, they went to something about a bunch of UFO sightings.

"The spaceship came right over them trees over there, flew back to the right, to the left and zipped away," the man said, walking through a field.

A lady came on. "That night, I went out. A green and red light shone in my face and I didn't know what it was. Then I knew."

"In the newspaper, it was discovered that several other people had witnessed the UFO encounter last night." The voice paused and zoomed to this guy. Normal guy, hair up top thinning, glasses. "Mike Newman, one of the witnesses, caught a the UFO on camera that night."

"I heard this light and my dog went crazy. My wife didn't know what it wasâ€¦I went and got the camera."

It showed a segment of film. "Holyâ€¦come and look at this."

I rolled my eyes.

Marco saw me. "What?"

I shook my head. "Nothing."

He nodded slowly and glanced back at the screen.

RIIIIIINNNNGGG!

The sound made me and Marco both jump.

"I'll get it," I said, and dashed for the phone.

I skidded into the kitchen. RIIIIINNNNGGG! I sat in a chair. Picked up the phone.

"Hello?" I said. Pause.

"Can I speak to Jake?" The voice was familiar. A female voiceâ€¦I couldn't quite place it.

"Thisâ€¦this is he," I said, knowing I sounded like an idiot.

"Jake?" \_Duh,\_ I thought, \_who else?\_

"Yeah?"

"This isâ€¦this Cassie." My heart stopped. Did she sayâ€¦?

"Cassie?" I blurted suddenly. I couldn't believe it! Cassie! After all this timeâ€¦

My mind flashed to a painful memoryâ€¦

Cassie, standing in front of her car, trying not to cry, explaining to me something. The college she was accepted in wasn't around here. It was out of state. I remembered being angry. Angry at Cassie, her decision, myselfâ€¦ everything.

"Jake?" Me holding her tight, telling her I'd see again. We'd get together sometimeâ€¦

"Jake?"

My mind snapped back. Me, in the kitchen, on the phone. Cassie.

"Yeah?"

"I'm coming back," She said.

"You're comingâ€¦"

"Yeah. I know it's been a long time and allâ€¦ I'll arrive at the train station at noon tomorrow," I could hear excitement in her voice. "Maybe we could get together, ya' know? Go out to lunch, catch upâ€¦"

"That would be great!" I practically shouted. Marco looked at me from the living room.

"Great!" Cassie chirped. "Do you have any plans?"

"Not that I know of," I replied truthfully.

"Okay, then my cell phone number isâ€¦" I wrote it down. "So if you need anything, just call."

"All right."

"Cool. See ya'!"

"Yeah," I laughed. "See ya'."

Brunnnnnngggg.

I slowly brought the phone up. Hung it up.

I walked back into the living room.

"Who was that?" Marco demanded.

"You'll never guess," I said excitedly.

"Hmmmâ€¦ Elvis Presely?"

"No."

"Uhâ€|Britney Spears?"

"Close. It was female."

"I'm sorry. I'm all out of ideas."

"Cassie." Marco spit drink all over the coffee table.

"Yeah, yeah. We haven't heard from her in so long," I sighed.

Marco nodded. "She coming back?"

"Uh-huh," I said. "Isn't that great?"

"Kinda," He said with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Isn't it time for you to be going home?"

"Touchy, touchy," He laughed and slammed the door behind him. A minute later, I heard a car drive away.

I leaned back and watched something about an alien autopsy.

I couldn't wait till tomorrow.

I woke early. Something new for me.

I dressed and dashed down stairs. Mom was making coffee. Dad was reading the paper. I was trying not to faint.

"Jake, take a deep breath. It's not like she's been in Japan for seventeen years," Dad laughed.

Okay, I was a little excited.

More than excited.

Cassie, the girl I loved. The one who imagined holding and telling her I loved her when she was away. The person I missed so much when she went away to college.

I could never make it to noon.

I sat nervously on the couch. I tried watching TV. Nothing on.

I tried watching some music videos that were on. I leaned back into the couch and took a deep breath.

Then a thought hit me. What would I say to her? \_Duh, Jake. She's Cassie. You've talked to Cassie before. Not that big a deal.\_

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But I hadn't talked to her in so long. Maybe I could call her on her phoneâ€|I ran into the kitchen. The number was gone.

Shoot.

I plopped on to the couch.

What if she never came? What if the train crashed and she died?

I don't usually worry. This was stupid.

I was working myself up over nothing. I had spoke to Cassie before. I wasn't nervous \_then.\_ But why was I nervous \_now\_?

I sat there and sat there. Looking at the clock. Counting the endless minutes. Counting the seconds and I couldn't wait to be by her side again.

It turned 11:00. My heart leaped.

One hour. One year. One eternity it seemed like.

I shot a glance at the clock again. One minute had gone by.

I just couldn't wait to tell her how much I'd missed her and looked forward to hanging out with her again.

To kiss her. Something I missed doing.

I closed my eyes. And very slowly, I feel asleep.

"Cassie!" I cried. I ran to her, my arms out.

"Jake!" She ran at me, arms out, head thrown back.

I grabbed her up in my arms.

"Jakeâ€|" She said.

I kissed her.

"Jakeâ€|" She said again.

"Don't talk. You'll ruin the moment."

"Jake, I have to tell you something," She said.

I sighed. "If you must."

"Jake, I'm going to die." I felt like someone had stabbed me. Punched me. I felt likeâ€|there was no word to describe it.

"And I'm dying now." She bent over a bit. I grabbed her and pulled her upright.

"Cassie, don't go. I just saw you," I said, tears filling my eyes, lump in my throat making it hard to talk.

"This is something I can't help Jake."

"You must fight! Hold on!"

"Jake," She whispered, crying. "I can't live anymore."

"But you must Cassie," Cassie collapsed. I rushed to her side.

"Cassie."

"Jake."

"Oh, Cassie!" I buried my face into her shoulder. Cried a bit.

"Jake!" She coughed. "I love you."

"No, Cassie, no!"

"I love you."

I sat up. What kind of dream was the TIME!!!

> I grabbed the remote and frantically pressed view.<p>

11:45.

It gave me time.

I ran a brush through my hair.

I snagged the doorknob and twisted it. Almost twisted it off.

I ran down to my car. I pushed the keys in and drove out.

On my way to the train station, thoughts went through my head.

What if she didn't recognize me? What if she was different now?

What if that dream was a sign?

I pushed those thoughts aside and drove on.

But I couldn't hold them in any longer.

What if she didn't love me anymore? What if she hated me? No, that was stupid. Why would she hate me? Cause I didn't try to stop her from going to college?

She was accepted, not me.

I had felt so happy for her. Yet sad.

Oh, Cassie. I smiled.

I pulled into the train station. I took a deep breath, let it out in a small sigh and opened the door.

I walked up into the crowd.

People bustling around. I could never find then I saw her.

A girl.

Not just any girl.

She was sitting on a hard, cold bench pressed into the back.

Glancing around nervously. Bags by her feet, she kicked the air lightly.

Cassie.

I walked over to her.

"Hi," I said.

She looked at me. Then gasped. "Jake?"

"Cassie?"

She nodded and hugged me.

And as she hugged me, I considered what to do next. Kiss her? Maybe ask her how she was doing?

"How you been doing?" I asked, sounding like a total dork.

"Fine. Fine. And you?"

"One word: Bored."

I stood up. "OH!" Cassie exclaimed.

She picked up her bags.

"C'mon," I said.

I lead her to my car. She tossed her bags into the back. Crawled up front with me.

I started the car up and drove off.

"So," She said, looking out the window as we drove from the station, her face reflecting in the window. "How is everyone?"

My stomach tightened. I felt suddenly uncomfortable.

I mean, saying hi to one person was one thing. I had even felt nervous doing that. But making conversationâ€|whoa.

"Um, well, we all are out of college. Ax got a good job."

Cassie nodded, not very interested. "How's Rachel?"

"Oh, she's um, fine."

"Cool."

We drove in silence.

"So where do you want to eat?" I asked.

"Any where's fine," She replied.

"Pizza?"

"Sounds good to me."

I drove into Pizza Hut. Parked.

I got out. Cassie got out.

Walked in.

This wasn't turning out like I had expected.

I mean, I didn't really expect her and me to hit off, chatting and laughing. I'd only talked to her twice since she went away.

I felt so far apart from her now.

We sat down. Ordered a pizza.

Cassie looked around at the other people, trying not to make eye contact. And to tell you the truth, I wasn't either.

She tapped her fingers on the table.

"So, what \_have\_ you been doing? Gotta job? A girlfriend?"

It stung to hear those words.

"I don't have a job yet," I replied coldly.

"Oh."

"How was it?"

"How was what?"

"College. How was college?"

"Pretty much the same, ya' know?" She laughed, a laugh not filled with humor. More of a nervous kind of laugh.

I smiled shyly.

"How was your college years?"

"Fine. Out of college. Nothing to do. Just sit back and look for a job, a house, a wife." I turned my head towards to meet her eyes.

She grinned.

"Well, what I'm doing is looking for any open jobs. I figure I'll start small and eventually work my way up," She stated.

"Good plan. And to tell the truth, I'm not sure what I'm doing."

She laughed, not nervous at all now.

My uncomfortable feeling slowly went away.

Cassie went on to tell me about some guys she knew.

I laughed a lot. So did Cassie.



The pizza arrived.

Cassie and I reached for the same piece.

"You take it," I said.

Cassie shook her head. "Nah, you."

"No, I insist."

"In that case," She reached and pulled it out, cheese dripping and pulling.

She giggled.

I got my piece and munched away.

Cassie's pizza topping's slipped off and landed onto the plate.

I got another piece.

And lunch went on.

By the time we got out, it was about 1:00.

As we drove out of Pizza Hut, I asked Cassie where she wanted to go.

"Home," She said.

I drove out to her farm. I felt sad our little outing was over.

"So, I had a good time," She said.

"Me too."

"Wanna get together tomorrow?"

"Sure! What do you want to do?"

"I don't know."

I got a thought. "How about tonight?"

"Tonight? Cool. I haven't any plans."

"Neither do I. Marco going out tonight."

"With who, his imaginary friend?"

That shocked me. Cassie doesn't usually say stuff like that. But I laughed anyway.

"No, his girlfriend."

Cassie gasped and we both laughed.

"Here we are."

"Huh?"

I pulled into the driveway.

"7:00?"

"Seven's fine."

She got her bags and walked back towards the house.

"BYE!" She waved.

"Bye!" I waved back.

I pulled out and drove down the road.

I felt good.

I felt excited. Love does that to.

You get an odd feeling in your stomach, and you can't think of anything else but that person.

I felt like that. It was a good feeling. Like you were wanted.

Love made facing the real world easier.

I drove up in the driveway. Shut off my car. I saw Tom's car. He was here.

I opened the door.

Tom was in there, sitting there with his little wife, holding onto him every minute.

I rolled my eyes.

"Hi, Jake," She said in a soft sweet voice.

I nodded.

My mom sent me a murderous look.

"So, where have you been?" Tom said, turning around to face me.

"Out," I replied.

"With who?"

"Cassie."

"Cassie, huh? She come back or what?"

Mom smiled. "So, Jake, \_how \_did it go? Did she still remember you?"

Tom laughed and I felt my face turn hot.

"Yeah, it was pretty cool. I'm going out with her again

tonight."

"Oooh!" Tom laughed. \_How mature.\_

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I scaled the stairs five at a time. I flopped on my bed and snagged my phone.

Dialed Marco's number.

Rang once.

Rang twice.

Rang â€œ

"Hello?"

"It's me."

"Me could be lot's of people," Marco said. "How'd it go?"

"Very fine. We're going out tonight." I announced this like a little kid announcing he was five.

"Cool. Me and my chick are too."

I laughed. "Cassie asked if she was imaginary."

"Possibly."

I smiled and said goodbye.

Now I had another thing to look forward to.

I got dressed a little nicer.

I got in my car.

But those regular thoughts of doubt didn't bubble in my mind. I just looked forward to looking at Cassie.

Seeing her again.

I pulled in her driveway. Honked my horn.

She came out, in a nice sweater and jeans. Not too dressy, not too causal, very not Cassie.

And for what seemed like an eternity, she got in.

"Hi! What we doing?"

"Maybe we could go to the park or something, just watch the stars?"

I expected her to make a comment about.

"Jake, that's a lovely idea. How romantic."

I smiled and backed out.

On the way, we laughed and talked.

"Hereâ€¦let's park here." I parked not too far from the park.

We got out and entered. The walking track was empty.

The swings were still. Benches bathed in light sat under buzzing lights while gnats flew around them.

Night bugs chirped.

A nice, normal night.

We walked around the walking track, just doing stuff causally like old friends. Catching up some more on things.

After about an hour of walking and catching up, we sat on a wooden bench under a small light.

"Jake," Cassie breathed, "Look."

I did. The sky was filled with stars, like glittery diamonds high in the sky.

"They're beautiful," She swayed a bit.

"Agreed," I said.

I looked at the stars and then back to Cassie. Cassie looked at me.

I took her in my arms and slowly we kissed.

She pulled away.

"Jake, of all the things in my life, all the wonderful thingsâ€¦this is the best. I'll never forget this night."

"Neither will I," I said, rapping my arm around Cassie. "Neither will I."

And with that, we both looked into the starry sky.

End  
file.